A

JOURNEY

TO

SCOTLAND,

GIVING A

CHARACTER

OF THAT

Country, the People and their Manners.

By an English Gentleman.

WITH A

LETTER

From an OFFICER there,

AND A

POEM

On the same SUBJECT.

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POEMS

A CHARACTER OF SCOTLAND.

IF all our *European* Travellers direct their Course to *Italy*, upon the account of its Antiquity, why should *Scotland* be neglected, whose wrinkled surface derives its Original from the *Chaos*? The first Inhabitants were some Straglers of the faln Angels, who rested themselves on the Confines, till their Captain *Lucifer* provided places for them in his own Countrey. This is the Conjecture of Learned Criticks, who trace things to their Originals; and this Opinion was grounded on the Devil's Brats, yet resident amongst them, (whose fore-sight in the events of good and evil, exceeds the Oracles at *Delphos*) the supposed Issue of those Pristine Inhabitants.

Names of Countries were not then in fashion, those came not in till *Adam*'s days, and History (being then in her Infancy) makes no mention of the changes of that Renowned Countrey, in that Interval betwixt him and *Moses*, when their Chronicle commences, she was then Baptised (and most think with the Sign of the Cross) by the Venerable Name of *Scotland*, from *Scota*, the Daughter of *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*. Hence came the Rise and Name of these present Inhabitants, as their Chronicle informs us, and is not to be doubted of, from divers considerable Circumstances; the Plagues of *Egypt* being entailed upon them, that of *Lice* (being a Judgment unrepealed) is an ample Testimony, these loving Animals accompanied them from *Egypt*, and remain with them to this day, never forsaking them (but as Rats leave a House) till they tumble into their Graves. The Plague of *Biles* and *Blains* is hereditary to them, as a distinguishing Mark from the rest of the World, which (like the Devil's cloven Hoof) warns all Men to beware of them. The Judgment of Hail and Snow is naturalized and made free Denison here, and continues with them from the Sun's first ingress into *Aries*, till he has passed the 30*th*. degree of *Aquary*.

The Plagues of Darkness was said to be thick Darkness, to be felt, which most undoubtedly these People have a share in, as the word σκοκὴ (Darkness) implies; the Darkness being appliable to their gross and blockish understandings (as I had it from a Scholar of their own Nation.) Upon these Grounds this Original is undeniably allowed them, and the Countrey it self (in *Pyramids*) resembles *Egypt*, but far exceeds them both in bulk and number; theirs are but the Products of Mens Labours, but these are Nature's own handy-work; and if *Atlas* would ease a Shoulder, here he may be fitted with a Supporter.

Italy is compared to a Leg, *Scotland* to a Louſe, whoſe Legs and engraiſed Edges repreſent the Promontories and Buttings out into the Sea, with more Nooks and Angles than the moſt conceited of my Lord Mayor's Cuſtards; nor does the Compariſon determine here: A Louſe preys upon its own Foſterer and Preſerver, and is productive of thoſe Minute-Animals called Nitts; ſo *Scotland*, whoſe *Proboſcis* joyns too cloſe to *England*, has ſuckt away the Nutriment from *Northumberland*, as the Countrey it ſelf is too true a Teſtimony, and from its oppoſite A——, has calved thoſe Nitty Iſlands, call'd the *Orcades*, and the *Shetland*, (quaſi *Shite-land*) Iſlands.

The Arms of the Kingdom was anciently a Red-Lyon Rampant, in a Field of Gold, but *Ann. Dom.* 787. they had the Augmentation of the double Treſſure, for aſſiſting the *French* King; but His Majeſty's Arms in *Scotland* is a more *Hyſteron Proteron*, the Pride of the People being ſuch, as to place the *Scots* Arms in the *dexter* Quarter of the Eſcutcheon, and make the Unicorn the *dexter* Supporter, with the Thiſtle at his Heel, with a ſuitable Motto, *Nemo me impune laceſſit*, true enough; whoever deals with them ſhall be ſure to ſmart for't: The Thiſtle was wiſely placed there, partly to ſhew the Fertility of the Countrey, Nature alone producing Plenty of theſe gay Flowers, and partly as an Emblem of the People, the top whereof having ſome colour of a Flower, but the bulk and ſubſtance of it, is only ſharp and poyſonous Pricks.

Woods they have none, that ſuits not with the Frugality of the People, who are ſo far from propagating any, that they deſtroy thoſe they had upon this politick State Maxim, that Corn will not grow on the Land peſtered with its Roots, and their Branches harbour Birds, Animals above their humble Converſation, that exceeds not that of hornleſs *Quadrupedes*; marry, perhaps, ſome of their Houſes lurk under the ſhelter of a plump of Trees (the Birds not daring ſo high a preſumption) like *Hugh Peter*'s Puſs in her Majeſty, or an Owl in an Ivy-buſh. Some Firr-Woods there are in the High-lands, but ſo inacceſſible, that they ſerve for no other uſe than Dens for thoſe ravenous Wolves with two Hands, that prey upon their Neighbourhood, and ſhelter themſelves under this Covert; to whom the ſight of a Stranger is as ſurprizing as that of a Cockatrice. The Vallies for the moſt part are covered with *Beer*, or *Bigg*, and the Hills with Snow; and as in the Northern Countries the Bears and Foxes change their Coats into the Livery of the Soil, ſo here the Moor-Fowl (called *Termagants*) turn white, to ſuit the Sample, though the Inhabitants ſtill ſtand to their *Egyptian* Hue.

They are freed from the charge and incumbrance of Encloſures, the whole being but one large Waſte, ſurrounded with the Sea: Indeed in many places, you may ſee half a Root of Land divided with an Earthen Bank, into many differing Apartments, according to the quality of Beaſts that are to poſſeſs them.

The whole Countrey will make up a Park, Foreſt, or Chace, as you'll pleaſe to call it; but if you deſire an Account of particular Parks, they are innumerable, every ſmall Houſe having a few Sodds thrown into a little Bank about it, and this for the State of the buſineſs (forſooth) muſt be called a Park, though not a Pole of Land in't.

If the Air was not pure and well refined by its agitation, it would be ſo infected with the Stinks of their Towns, and the Streams of their naſty Inhabitants, that it would be peſtilential and deſtructive; indeed, it is too thin for their groſs Senſes, that muſt be fed with ſuitable Viands, their Meat not affecting their diſtempered Pallats, without it have a damnable hogoe, nor Muſick their Ears without loud and harſh Diſcord, and their Noſtrils (like a Jew's) chiefly delight in the perceptible effluviums of an old Sir R——

Fowl are as ſcarce here as Birds of Paradiſe, the Charity of the Inhabitants denying harbour to ſuch Celeſtial Animals, though Gulls and Cormorants abound, there being a greater ſympathy betwixt them. There is one ſort of ravenous Fowl amongſt them that has one web foot, one foot ſuited for Land, and another for Water; but whether or no this Fowl (being particular to this Countrey) be not the lively Picture of the Inhabitants, I ſhall leave to wiſer Conjectures.

Their Rivers, or rather Arms of the Sea are ſhort, few places in *Scotland* being above a day's Journey from the Sea, but they are broad, deep and dangerous peſtered with multitudes of Porpoſſes or Sharks (ſome of them perhaps amphibious too, that live more on Land than Water) which deſtroy their Salmon, the great Commodity of this Countrey, which being too good for the Inhabitants, are barreled up, and converted into Merchandize, *&c.* The Banks and Borders of theſe Rivers (eſpecially near their Towns) are adorned with hardy Amazons, though inverted, their Valour being (chiefly) from the waſte downwards, which parts they readily expoſe to all the dangers of a naked rencounter. The exerciſe of their Arms, I ſhould ſay Feet, is much about Linnen; Sheets are ſufferers, a fit receiver is provided (not unlike a ſhallow Pulpit to mind them of their Idol Sermons) wherein foul Linnen is laid to ſuffer Perſecution, ſo they turn up all, and tuck them about their waſts, and bounce into a Buck-tub, then go their Stock, and belabour poor Lint till there be not a dry thread on't. Hence came the Invention of Fulling-Mills, the Women taught the Men, and they put in practice.

The Countrey is full of Lakes and Loughs, and they well ſtockt with Iſlands, ſo that a Map thereof, looks like a Pillory-Coat, beſpattered all over with Dirt and rotten Eggs, ſome pieces of the Shells floating here and there, repreſenting the Iſlands.

Their Cattle are only repreſentatives of what are in other Countries, theſe being ſo Epitomized, that it is hard to know what *Claſs* they relate to. Their Horſes are hardy, and not without Gall (as ſome ſay other Horſes are) uſing both Tooth and Nail to miſchief you; that they may not uſe more ſtate than their Maſters, they go bare-foot, which preſerves them from the Gout; and if *Hudibras*'s Horſe had been of this Race, he had not needed a Corn-cutter: Their Furniture or Harneſs is all of the ſame matter, all Wood from Head to Tail, Bridle, Saddle, Girths, Stirrups and Crupper, all Wood; nothing but a Withy will bind a Witch, and if theſe be called Witches, I ſhall not oppoſe it, ſince by their untoward Tricks, one would gueſs the Devil to be in them; their Bridles have not Bits, but a kind of Muſrol of two pieces of Wood; their Crupper is a Stick of a Yard's length, put croſs their Docks, both ends thereof being tied with woven Wood to the Saddle. Their Bed and Board too, is all of the ſame dry Straw, and when they have it up, whip on Harneſs, and away. Their Neat are hornleſs, the Owners claiming ſole Propriety in thoſe Ornaments, nor ſhould I deny them their Necklace too, for methinks that hoiſted Wood would mightily become them. Their Sheep too have the ſame preferment, they are coupled together near their Maſter's Palace. Some Animals they have by the name of Hogs, but more like Porcupines, briſtled all over, and theſe are likewiſe faſtned to the Free-hold by the former Artifice; all their *Quadrupedes* (Dogs only excepted, in which ſort they much abound) are honoured with Wooden Bracelets about their Necks, Legs, or Arms, *&c.*

Their Cities are poor and populous, eſpecially *Edenborough*, their Metropolis, which ſo well ſuits with the Inhabitants, that one Character will ſerve them both, *viz.* High and Dirty. The Houſes mount ſeven or eight Stories high, with many Families on one Floor, one Room being ſufficient for all Occaſions, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, and Shit— The moſt mannerly ſtep, but to the

Door, and Neſt upon the Stairs. I have been in an Iſland where it was difficult to tread without breaking an Egg; but to move here, and not murder a T—— is next to an impoſſibility; the whole Pavement is Pilgrim-ſalve, moſt excellent to liquor Shooes withal, and ſoft and eaſie for the bare-foot Perambulators. The Town is like a double Comb (an Engine not commonly known amongſt them) one great Street, and each ſide ſtockt with narrow Allies, which I miſtook for Common-ſhores; but the more one ſtirs in a T—— the more it will ſtink. The other Cities and Towns are Copies from this Original, and therefore need no Commentators to explain them; they have ſeven Colleges (or rather Schools) in four Univerſities; the Regents wear what colour'd Cloaths or Gowns they pleaſe, and commonly no Gowns at all, ſo that 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh a Scholar from an ordinary Man, ſince their Learning ſhines not out of their Noſes; the younger Students wear Scarlet Gowns only in Term time; their Reſidence is commonly in the Town, only at School-hours they convene in the College to conſult their Oracle *Buchanan*; their chief Studies are for Pulpit-preferment, to prate out four or five Glaſſes with as much eaſe as drink them; and this they attain to in their ſtripling years, commencing Maſters of Arts (that is meant only Maſters of this Art) before one would judge them fit for the College; for as ſoon as they can walk as far as the School (which they will do very young, for like Lapwings they run with Shells on their Heads) they are ſent thither, where they find no Benches to ſit on (only one for the Maſter) but have a little Heath and Fadder ſtrewed for them to lie upon, where they litter together, and chew the Cud on their Fathers Horn-books, and in good time are preferred to the Bible; from this petty School, away with them to the Grammar-School, *viz.* the College, where in three or four years time they attain to (their *ne plus ultra*) the degree of A. M. that is, they can *extempore*, coin Graces and Prayers for all Occaſions; if you crack a Nut, there is a Grace for that, drink a Diſh of Coffee, Ale, or Wine, or what elſe, he preſently furniſhes you with a Grace for the nonce; ſo if you pare your Nails, go to Stool, or any other action of like importance, he can as eaſily ſuit you with a Prayer, as draw on a Glove; and the wonder of all is, that this Prayer ſhall be ſo admirably framed, that it may indifferently quadrate with any occaſion, an excellency no where ſo common as in this Countrey. Thus you ſee the young Man has commenced and got ſtrength enough to walk to the Kirk and enter the Chair, where we ſhall find him anon, after we have viewed the out-ſides of their Kirks, ſome of which have been of Antient Foundations, and well and regularly built, but Order and Uniformity is in perfect Antiparhy to the humour of this Nation, theſe goodly Structures being either wholly deſtroyed (as at St. *Andrews* and *Elgin*, where by the remaining Ruins you may ſee what it was in perfection) or very much defaced; they make uſe of no Quires, thoſe are either quite pulled down, or converted into another Kirk, for it is common here to have three, four, or five Kirks under one Roof, which being preſerved entire, would have made one good Church, but they could not then have had Preaching enough in it: Out of one Pulpit now they have thirty Sermons *per* Week, all under one Roof, plenty of ſpiritual Proviſion, which guſts much better with a mixture of the Fleſh; as you may gueſs by their Stools of Repentance in every Kirk, well furniſhed with Whoremongers and Adulterers of both Sexes. In *Venice*, the ſhadows only of Curtezans are expoſed to publick view only in Effigie, but here the Whore in Perſon has a high place provided her in the view of the whole Congregation for the benefit of Strangers, who (ſome think) need not this direction, but may truck for all Commodities, with the firſt they meet with. They uſe no Service-Book, nor Whore of *Babylon*'s Smock (as they term a Surplice) nor decency, nor order in their divine, or rather contumelious Service. Would a

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King think himself honoured by Subjects, that petitioned him with Bonnet valed, but cockt his Cap the while his requeſt was granting, while precious Mr. *Presbyter*, grimaces, prays or houls, the Monſter Rabble vails; but as ſoon as Text is taken, Blew-bonnet takes place again, and this Pulpit-prater is eſteemed more than God's Ambaſſador, having the Holy Spirit at his beck to prompt him every word he ſpeaks, yet not three ſentences of ſence together, ſuch Blaſphemy as I bluſh to mention.

Their Chriſtnings (as all other things) are without Form, only Water poured on the Infant, and ſuch words uſed as Sir *John's Mephiſtophilus* ſupplies him with, and ſo the Child commences Chriſtian, as good (or better) than the beſt of them. Some think Marriage an unneceſſary thing amongſt them, it being more generous and uſual amongſt them to take one another's words; however, 'tis thus performed, the young Couple being attended with Tag-rag and Bob-tail, gang to Kirk, where Mr. *Scruple* (like a good Caſuiſt) controverts the point in hand to them, and ſchools Mr. Bridegroom in his Leſſon, then directs his Diſcourſe to Mrs. Bride, who being the weaker Veſſel, ought to have the more pains taken with her; he chalks out the way ſhe is to walk in, in all its particulars, and joyns their hands, and then let them fall to on God's Name: Home they go with loud raviſhing Bag-pipes, and dance about the Green, till they part by Couples to repetition, and ſo put the Rules in practice, and perhaps Sir *Roger* follows Mrs. Bride to her Apartment, to ſatisfie her doubts, where he uſes ſuch pungent and preſſing Arguments, as ſhe never forgets as long as ſhe lives.

When any one dies, the Bell-man goes about ringing their Paſſing-Bell, and acquaints the People therewith, in form following, *Beloved Brouthrin, and Suſters, I let yau to wot that thir is an fauthful Broothir lawtli departed awt of this priſant varld, and thi pleſuir of Aulmoughti Good* (and then he vails his Bonnet) *his Naum is* Volli Voodcock, *thrid Son to* Jimmoy Voodcock, *a Cordinger; he ligs aut thi ſext door vethin thi Nord Gawt, cloſe on thi Nawthwr Rawnd, and I wod yaw gang to hus burying on* Thruſdau *before twa a Clock*, &c. The time appointed for his Burying being come, the Bell-man calls the Company together, and he is carried to the Burying-place, and thrown into the Grave (as Dog-Lyon was) and there's an end of *Wolli*. Few People are here buried in their Kirks (except of their Nobility) but in the *Kirk Garths*, or in a burying place on purpoſe, called the *Hoof*, at the further end of the Town (like our Quakers) encloſed within a Wall, ſo that it ſerves not only as a Burying place, but an Exchange to meet in; perhaps in one part of it their Courts of Judicature are kept; in another are Butts to ſhoot at for Recreation. All agree that a Woman's Tongue is the laſt Member ſhe moves, but the Latin Proverb, *mulieri ne credas*, &c. ſeems to prove it after death: I am ſure the pride of this People never leaves them, but follows them to their long homes (I was about to have ſaid, to the Devil) for the meaneſt Man muſt have a Grave ſtone full fraught with his own Praiſes (though he was the vileſt Miſcreant upon Earth) and miſerable *memento mori's*, both in Engliſh and Latin, nay, Greek too, if they can find a Greek word for *Cordinger*, the Calling he was of, and all this in ſuch miſerable *Scotch* Orthography, that 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh one Language from another.

The Caſtles of defence in this Countrey are almoſt impregnable, only to be taken by Treachery or long Siege, their Water failing them ſooneſt; they are built upon high, and almoſt inacceſſible Rocks, only one forc'd paſſage up to them, ſo that a few Men may eaſily defend them. Indeed, all the Gentlemens Houſes are ſtrong Caſtles, they being ſo Treacherous one to another, that they are forced to defend themſelves in ſtrong holds; they are commonly built upon

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ſome ſingle Rock in the Sea, or ſome high Precipice near the mid-land, with many Towers and ſtrong Iron Grates before their Windows (the lower part whereof, is only a wooden Shutter, and the upper part Glaſs) ſo that they look more like Priſons than Houſes of Reception; ſome few Houſes there are of late erection, that are built in a better form, with good Walks and Gardens about them, but their Fruit rarely comes to any perfection. The Houſes of the Commonalty are very mean, Mud-wall and Thatch the beſt; but the poorer ſort live in ſuch miſerable Hutts as never Eye beheld, it is no difficulty to piſs over them; Men, Women and Children pigg altogether in a poor Mouſe-hole of Mud, Heath, and ſuch like matter; in ſome parts where Turf is pentiful, they build up little Cabbins thereof, with arched Roots of Turf, without a ſtick of Timber in it; when the Houſe is dry enough to burn, it ſerves them for Fuel, and they remove to another. The Habit of the People is very different, according to the Qualities, or the Places they live in, as Low-land or High land Men. The Low-land Gentry go well enough habited, but the poorer ſort go (almoſt) naked, only an old Cloak, or a part of their Bed-cloaths thrown over them. The Highlanders wear ſlaſhed Doublets, commonly without Breeches, only a Plad tied about their Waſts, *&c.* thrown over one Shoulder, with ſhort Stockings to the Gartering place, their Knees, and part of their Thighs being naked; others have Breeches and Stockings all of a piece, of Plad-Ware, cloſe to their Thighs; in one ſide of their Girdle ſticks a Durk or Skean, about a Foot or half a Yard long, very ſharp, and the back of it filed into divers notches, whereie they put Poyſon; on the other ſide a brace (at leaſt) of braſs Piſtols; nor is this Honour ſufficient, if they can purchaſe more, they muſt have a long ſwinging Sword.

The Women are commonly two handed Tools, ſtrong-poſted Timber, they diſlike Engliſh-Men, becauſe they have no Legs, or (like themſelves) Poſts to walk on; the meaner go bare-foot and bare-head, with two black Elflocks on either ſide their Faces; ſome of them have ſcarce any Cloaths at all, ſave part of their Bed-cloaths pinn'd about their Shoulders, and their Children have nothing elſe on them but a little Blanket; thoſe Women that can purchaſe Plads, need not beſtow much upon other Cloaths, theſe Coverſluts being ſufficient. Thoſe of the beſt ſort that are very well habited in their modiſh Silks, yet muſt wear a Plad over all for the Credit of their Countrey.

The People are Proud, Arrogant, Vain-glorious Boaſters, Bloody, Barbarous, and Inhumane Butchers. Couzenage and Theft is in perfection amongſt them, and they are perfect Engliſh haters, they ſhew their Pride in exalting themſelves and depreſſing their Neighbours. When the Palace at *Edenburgh* is finiſhed, they expect his Majeſty will leave his rotten Houſe at *White Hall*, and live ſplendidly amongſt his nown Countrey-men the *Scots*; for they ſay that Engliſhmen are very much beholden to them that we have their King amongſt us. The Nobility and Gentry Lord it over their poor Tenants, and uſe them worſe than Gally Slaves; they are all bound to ſerve them, Men, Women, and Children; the firſt Fruits is always the Landlord's due, he is the Man that muſt firſt board all the young married Women within his Lairdſhip, and their Sons are all his Slaves, ſo that any mean Laird will have ſix, or ten, or more followers, beſides thoſe of his own Name, that are inferiour to him, muſt all attend him (as he himſelf muſt do his Superiour, of the ſame Name, and all of them attend the Chief) if he receives a Stranger, all this Train muſt be at his beck, armed as aforeſaid; if you drink with them in a Tavern, you muſt have all this Rubbiſh with you; and if you offend the Laird, his Durk ſhall ſoon be ſheathed in your Belly, and after his, every one of his Followers, or they ſhall ſuffer themſelves that refuſe it, that ſo they may be all alike guilty of

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the Murder: Every Laird (of note) hath a Gibbet near his Houſe, and has Power to condemn and hang any of his Vaſſals; ſo they dare not oppoſe him in any thing, but muſt ſubmit to his Commands, let them be never ſo unjuſt and tyrannical. There are too many Teſtimonies of their Cruelty amongſt themſelves in their own Chronicles, Forty of their Kings have been barbarouſly Murdered by them, and half as many more have either made away themſelves for fear of their torturing of them, or have died miſerably in ſtreight Impriſonment. What ſtrange Butcheries have been committed in their Feuds, ſome of which are in agitation at this day, *viz. Argile* with the *Macclans*, and *Mac-Donnels* about *Mula* Iſlands, which has coſt already much Blood, and is likely will coſt much more before it be decided; their Spirits are ſo mean, that they rarely Rob, but take away Life firſt, lying in Ambuſcade, they ſend a brace of Bullets on Embaſſy through the Traveller's Body; and to make ſure work, they ſheath their Durks in his liveleſs Trunk; perhaps, to take off their fire Edges, as new Knives are ſtuck in a Bag-pudding. If an Highlander be injured, thoſe of his own Name muſt defend him, and will certainly have ſatisfaction from the Offenders: A late inſtance whereof was at *Inverneſs*, (a conſiderable Town) where one of the *Macdonnels* was ſlain, but ſhortly, the chief of the Name came down againſt the Town with 1500 Men of his own Name, and threatned to fire the Town, but the Inhabitants compounded with them for 2000 *l.*

Their Cruelty deſcends to their Beaſts, it being a Cuſtom in ſome places to feaſt upon a living Cow they tie in the middle of them, near a great Fire, and then cut Collops of this poor living Beaſt, and broil them on the Fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, ſometimes they will only cut off as much as will ſatisfie their preſent Appetites, and let her go till their greedy Stomachs calls for a new ſupply; ſuch horrid Cruelty as can ſcarce be parallel'd in the whole World! Their Theft is ſo well known, that it needs no proving, they are forc'd to keep Watch over all they have, to ſecure it; their Cattel are watch'd day and night, or otherwiſe they would be over-grown by morning. In the Highlands they do it publickly before the face of the Sun, if one Man has two Cows, and another wants, he ſhall ſoon ſupply himſelf from his Neighbour, who can find no Remedy for it. The Gentry keep an Armory in their own Houſes, furniſh'd with ſeveral ſorts of Fire Arms, Pikes and Halberts, with which they Arm their Followers, to ſecure themſelves from the Rapine of their Neighbourhood. The Lowland Language may be well enough underſtood by an Engliſhman, but the Highlanders have a peculiar *Lingua* to themſelves, which they call *Erſt*, unknown to moſt of the Lowland Men, except only in thoſe places that border on them, where they can ſpeak both: Yet theſe People are ſo curriſh, that if a Stranger enquire the way in Engliſh, they will certainly anſwer in *Erſt*, and find no other Language than what is forc'd from them with a Cudgel. If *Cornelius Agrippa* had travelled *Scotland*, ſure Cookery had not been found in his Vanity of Sciences, ſuch is their ſingular Skill in this Art, that they may defie the World to rival them; King *James*'s Treat for the Devil, that is, a Poll of Ling, a Joll of Sturgeon, and a Pigg, with a Pipe of Tobacco for digeſtion, had been very compleat, if the ordering thereof had been aſſigned to a Cuke of this Countrey, who can ſute every Diſh with its proper Hogo, and bring Corruption to your Table, only to mind Men of Mortality: Their Meat is Cattion when 'tis kill'd, but after it hath been a Fortnight perfuming with the aromatick Air, ſtrained through the calmy Trunks of Fleſh-flies, then it paſſes the trial of Fire under the Care of one of thoſe exquiſite Artiſts, and is diſh'd up in a Sea of ſweet *Scotch* Butter, and ſo covered and ſerved hot up to the Table: O how happy is he that is placed next to it, with a privilege to uncover it, and receive the hot ſteams of this dainty Diſh, almoſt ſufficient

to cure all Diſtempers. It will be needleſs to inſtance in particulars ſo plain and evident to all that have travell'd through the Countrey, that they may certainly bear away the Bell from all their Neighbouring Nations, or indeed from the whole World. Their Nobility and Gentry have Tables plentifully enough furniſh'd, but few or none of them have their Meat better order'd: To put one's Head into their Kitchen-doors, is little leſs than deſtructive; to enter Hell alive, where the black Fairies are buſied in mangling dead Carcaſes, and the Fire and Brimſtone, or rather ſtew and ſtink, is ready to ſuffocate you, and yet (which is ſtrange) theſe things are agreeable to the humours of the People. The poorer ſort live on Haddock, Whiting, and ſour Milk, which is cryed up and down the Streets (*Whea buyes ſawer Milk*) and upon the ſtinking Fragments that are left at their Lairds Table. Prodigious Stomachs, that like the *Gulon*, can feed on their own Excrements, and ſtrain their Meat through their Stomachs, to have the pleaſure of devouring it again!

Their Drink is Ale made of Beer-Malt, and Tunned up in a ſmall Veſſel, called a Cogue; after it has ſtood a few hours, they drink it out of the Cogue, Yeſt and all; the better ſort, Brew it in larger quantities, and drink it in wooden Queighs, but it is ſorry ſtuff, yet excellent for preparing Birdlime; but Wine is the great Drink with the Gentry, which they pour in like Fiſhes, as if it were their natural Element; the Glaſſes they drink out of, are conſiderably large, and they always fill them to the brim, and away with it; ſome of them have arrived at the perfection to tope Brandy at the ſame rate: ſure theſe are a Bowl above *Bacchus*, and of right, ought to have a nobler Throne than a Hogſhead.

Muſick they have, but not the Harmony of the Spheres, but loud terrene Noiſes, like the bellowing of Beaſts; the loud Bag-pipe is their chief Delight, ſtringed Inſtruments are too ſoft to penetrate the Organs of their Ears that are only pleaſed with ſounds of ſubſtance.

The High-ways in *Scotland* are tolerably good, which is the greateſt Comfort a Traveller meets with amongſt them; they have not Inns, but Change-Houſes (as they call them) poor ſmall Cottages, where you muſt be content to take what you find, perhaps Eggs with Chucks in them, and ſome Lang-Cale; at the better ſort of them, a Diſh of chopp'd Chickens, which they eſteem a dainty Diſh, and will take it unkindly if you do not eat very heartily of it, though for the moſt part you may make a Meal with the ſight of the Fare, and be ſatisfied with the ſteam only, like the Inhabitants of the World in the Moon; your Horſes muſt be ſent to a Stablers (for the Change Houſes have no Lodging for them) where they may feed voluptuouſly on Straw only, for Graſs is not to be had, and Hay is ſo much a ſtranger to them, that they are ſcarce familiar with the Name of it.

The *Scotch* Gentry commonly travel from one Friend's Houſe to another, ſo ſeldom make uſe of a Change-Houſe; their way is to hire a Horſe and a Man for two Pence a Mile; they ride on the Horſe thirty or forty Miles a day, and the Man who is his Guide, foots it beſide him, and carries his Luggage to boot. The beſt ſort keep only a Horſe or two for themſelves and their beſt Friend, all the reſt of the Train foot it beſide them. The Commonalty are ſo uſed to worſhip and adore their Lairds, that when they ſee a Stranger in any tolerable Equipage, they honour him with the Title of Laird at leaſt, *An't pleaſe you my Laird ſuch a one*, or *an't pleaſe you my Laird Dr.* at every bare word forſooth.

The Nobility ſhew themſelves very great before Strangers, they are conducted into the Houſe by a many of his Servants, where the Lord with his Troop of Shadows receives them with the grand Paw, then enter into ſome Diſcourſe of their Countrey, till you are preſented with a great Queigh of Syrup of Beer, after

that

that a Glaſs of White-Wine, then a Rummer of Claret, and ſometimes after that a Glaſs of Sherry Sack, and then begin the round with Ale again, and ply you briskly, for it's their way of ſhewing you r Welcome by making you Drunk; if you have longer time to ſtay, you ſtick cloſe to Claret, till *Bacchus* wins the Field, and leaves the conquer'd Victims groveling on the place where they received their overthrow; at your departure you muſt drink a *Dongha Doras*, in Engliſh a Stirrup Cup, and have the ſatisfaction to have my Lord's Bag-pipe (with his loud Pipes, with his Lordſhip's Coat Armor on a Flag) ſtrut about you, and enchant you with a *Loth to depart.*

Their Money is commonly *Dollars*, or Mark pieces, coined at *Edenbrough*, but their way of Reckoning is ſurpriſing to a Stranger; to receive a Bill of a Hundred Pound in one of their Change-Houſes, when one would not ſuppoſe they had any of the value of a Hundred Pence; they call a Peny a Shilling, and every Twenty Shillings, *viz.* Twenty Pence, a Pound; ſo the proportion of their Pound to ours, is Twelve to One. Strangers are ſure to be groſly impoſed upon in all their Change Houſes, and there is no redreſs for it: If an Engliſhman ſhould complain to their Magiſtrates, they would all take a part againſt him, and make ſure to ſqueeze him.

The Concluſion of the Abridgment of the *Scotch* Chronicle, is the rare and wonderful things of that Countrey; as in *Orkney*, their Ews bring forth two Lambs apiece; that in the Northermoſt of *Shetland* Iſlands, about the Summer Solſtice, there is no Night; that in the Park of *Cumbernaule*, are white Kine and Oxen; that at *Slanes* there is a putrifying Water in a Cove; that at *Aberdeen* is a Vitriolin Well, that they ſay is excellent to diſſolve the Stone, and expel Sand from the Reins and Bladder, and good for the Colick, being drunk in *July*, &c. Theſe prodigious Wonders in one Countrey are admirable, but theſe are not half of them. *Loughneſs* never freezes; in *Lough Lommond* are Fiſhes without Fins: And 2dly. The Waters thereof rage in great Waves without Wind in calm Weather: And 3dly. and laſtly, Therein is a floating Iſland: In *Kyle* is a deaf Rock twelve Foot every way, yet a Gun diſcharged on one ſide of it, ſhall not be heard to the other. In another place is a Rocking-ſtone of a reaſonable bigneſs, that if a Man puſh it with his finger, it will move very lightly, but if he addreſs his whole Force, it availeth nothing; with many more marvels of like nature, which I would rather believe than go thither to diſprove. To conclude the whole bulk and ſelvege of this Countrey, is all *Wonder* too great for me to unriddle, there I ſhall leave it as I found it, with its agreeable Inhabitants in

A Land where one may pray with curſt intent:
Oh! May they never ſuffer Baniſhment.

FINIS.

A Description of *Scotland*, in a LETTER from an Officer in the Army, to his Friend in *London*.

SIR,

YOU may be sure it goes hard with a Soldier, when he is brought to his Prayers, and that is my Case and all with me, and would desire my Friends to join with me in them, that God would put it into His Majesty's Heart to call us out of this Kingdom, and to send us to any other part of the World; for we can't lose by the Change, for here is neither Meat for Man nor Horse; here is great store of Fowl, indeed, as foul Houses, foul Sheets, foul Linnen, foul Dishes, Pots, Trenchers, Napkins, &c. They have good store of Fish too, and good for those that can eat it raw; but if it comes once into their hands, it is worse than if it was three days old. For their Butter and Cheese, I will not meddle withal at this time, nor no Man else at any time that loves his Life. The Country, I confess, is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others to be at the Charge to Conquer it. The Air might be wholsome but for the stinking People that inhabit it; the Ground might be fruitful, had they Wit to manure it. They have good store of Deer, but they are so far from the Place where I have been, that I had rather believe then go to disprove it; all the Deer I met withal, was dear Lodgings, deer Horse-Meat, dear Tobacco and English *Beer. Fruit, for their Grandsire* Adam's *sake they never planted any, and for other Trees, had Christ been betrayed in this Country (as doubtless he should, had he come as a Stranger)* Judas *had sooner found the Grace of Repentance, than a Tree to hang himself on. They have many Hills, wherein they say is much Treasure, but they shew you none of it. Nature hath only discovered to them some Mines of Coal, to shew to what end he created them. There is little Grass to be seen but in their Pottage; and Hay is Heathen Greek to them, neither Man nor Beast knows what it means. As to their Religion, it is such a Hodge-podge, there is no describing it. Their Sabbath Exercise is a Preaching in the Forenoon, and a Persecuting in the Afternoon; they go to Church in the Forenoon to hear the Law, and to the Craggs and Mountains in the Afternoon to Louze themselves. They hold their Noses, if you talk of Bear-baiting, and stop their Ears, if you speak of a Play. Fornication they hold but a pastime, wherein Man's Ability is approved, and a Woman's Fertility discovered; at Adultery they shake their Heads. Theft they rail at, and think it impossible to lose the way to Heaven, if they can but leave* Rome *behind them. The Ointment they use, is Brimstone and Butter for the Scabs. To conclude; The Men of old did not more wonder that the great* Messias *should be born in so poor a Town as* Bethlehem, *than the World may wonder at, that* England *should have a Race of Kings from such a cursed Countrey as* Scotland.

Yours.

THE Rebel SCOT.

By Cleaveland

HOW! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh Crew!
Then Madam Nature wears black Patches too,
What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the Bells backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the Buckets in a Country-Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comet's flaming Beard.
And where's the Stoick can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Country ſick of *Pym*'s diſeaſe;
By Scotch Invaſion to be made a Prey
To ſuch Pig-Widgin Myrmidons as they?
But that there's Charm in Verſe, I would not quote
The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote;
Unleſs my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be Poyſon too.
Were I a drowzy Judge, whoſe diſmal Note
Diſgorgeth Halters, as a Jugler's Throat
Doth Ribbands; Could I in Sir Empericks tone
Speak Pills in phraſe and quack deſtruction,
Or roar like *Marſhal* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſs a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe Mouth-Granados can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt like *Hocus*, ſwallow Daggers firſt.
Come, keen Iambicks, with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet:
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this Age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your Pen;
Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.
Now as the Martyrs were enforc'd to take
The ſhapes of Beaſts, like Hypocrites at Stake
I'll bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot*, within a Beaſt, is no Diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom ſince that *Scot*'s Plantation:
Nor can our feign'd Antiquity obtain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.

The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have ſhown
Within the Grate of his own Breaſt alone,
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſs'd
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt.
The honeſt High-ſhoes in their termly Fees,
Firſt to the Salvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotchmen Beaſts confeſs,
Making their Country ſuch a Wilderneſs;
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
God's Omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montroſs* and *Crawford*'s Royal Band
Atton'd their Sin, and Chriſtned half their Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe Spots,
There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*.
As in a Picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy Dream,
And in the Twy-light of his Fancy's Theme
Sear'd from his Sins, repented in a frighr,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Proſelite:
A Land where one may pray with curſt intent,
Oh may they never ſuffer Baniſhment!
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his Doom,
Not forc'd him wander but confin'd him home;
Like *Jews* they ſpread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers and dene
This, or that place, Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th' World, they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the *Spaniſh* Shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt in Belly, or in Beard,
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No, the *Scots* Errant fight, and fight to eat,
Their Oſtrich Stomachs make their Swords their Meat.
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to ſtring their Teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to Paradiſe.
Sure *England* hath the Hemorrhoids, and theſe
On the North-poſtern of the Patient ſeize,
Like Leeches; thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our Blood, but in the Cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th' ſcore
To purchaſe Villenage, as once before
When an Act paſt to ſtroak them on the Head:
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worſe,
Who ſaddled his own back to ſhame his Horſe,
Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypt*'s Spoil.
They are the Goſpel's Life-guard; but for them
(The Garriſon of New *Jeruſalem*)
What would the Brethren do? The Cauſe! The Cauſe!
Sack-Poſſets, and the Fundamental Laws?
Lord! what a godly thing is want of Shirts!
How a Scotch-Stomach, and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſs, and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their Honours and Eſtate,
As well as Conſcience, are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their Title and their Moneys poize,
A Laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You *Pitts* in Gentry and Devotion,
You Scandal to the Stock of Verſe, a Race
Able to bring the Gibber in diſgrace,
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The *Indian* that Heaven did ſoulwear,
Becauſe he heard ſome *Spaniards* were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between.
My Muſe hath done. A Voyder for the pence.
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their Bones;
That Diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell like their Nation, feeds on Bernacles.
A *Scot* when from the Gallow tree got looſe
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland* Gooſe.

FINIS.